

The Critic

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Parturiunt Montes

WHY, in all this world of sweet charities, is there no lying-in hospital for poor and virtuous authors, when about to be delivered of their little children? Is any race of luckless parents more worthy of all humane ministrations than those who, it has been prudently ascertained, are in a state of prospective authorship? Or is any race of infants ever born with greater travail of sorrow and want, often of shame, than books?

I have in my mind's eye the plan of some such most excellent foundation: a large, as you may imagine, a *very* large, building, ample to receive the many stricken ones who should flock to it; situated in a sequestered spot and surrounded by a high wall so that no one outside could pry; large grounds for the inmates to exercise in; a main entrance, very retired; a portal, very imposing; on the portal, carven in massive letters, the noble legend: 'Parturiunt Montes.' More private pathways also for all who should wish to slip in and out unobserved. I should rather be at the head of such an institution than to have been Shakspeare.

Some morning, having gone the rounds and satisfied myself that everybody is doing well, I am sitting at the open window of the office, listening to the birds sing, smelling the flowers, and reading again a favorite morning text:

Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin and dies.

A knock at the door, and I say 'Come in!' very cheerily. A young fellow enters, sinks into a chair, and with his head dropping forward on his bosom, stretches out toward me a paper which I go over and receive. It is from a well-known literary specialist, and runs thus:—'DEAR DOCTOR: Please admit the bearer to a comfortable room in Parturiunt Montes, and show him the most delicate care, as his constitution is far from robust and his case may be critical,' etc. Hereupon I peep slyly over the top of the paper at the patient and find him anxiously studying me, but dropping his eye in a trice and blushing painfully.

'My poor fellow,' I say, going across and taking him by both hands; 'Look up and take heart! The world outside may think you have been overtaken in a grievous fault, but it is not considered any disgrace in Parturiunt Montes. No, sir—no disgrace whatever! This is my own institution for the benefit of poor and virtuous authors in your condition, and you are welcome. If anything can be done for you anywhere on this earth, it will be done here.' Then I walk back to the big record-book, and talking all the while with the view of indirectly drawing out certain information, I make the following entry:—'LYRICUS PAVITANS, aged eighteen (alas, so young!); previous condition (can't find out: don't wish to hurt his feelings), etc.'

'And now, *Mi Lyrice!*' I exclaim gaily, 'Just say what kind of room you want; for there are all kinds, and you may have your choice. There is one with a pastoral landscape; another with a landscape desolate and wild; there is one with sea-views; another with a sky-light, so that you can see the stars.' Poor Pavitans thinks he would like the one commanding a view of the heavens; so I conduct him to it

and, pressing his hand, take leave at the door in the following words: 'Now, don't worry about expenses! No matter how long you may have to stay here, it shan't cost you a cent. Remember you are a guest in Parturiunt Montes! Name your favorite diet to the attendant, and send down to the office for all the paper you want. There is every description of it at your service. You have an ordeal to pass through: be as cheerful as possible, and when' — (something confidential)—'send for me.'

The days pass, and I regularly note down the augmenting symptoms of Lyricus—note them down with augmenting solicitude. At length, some day, when I am pacing the office floor in a high fever of expectation, in rushes the attendant with a summons, and I fly aloft to the sky-chamber. Entering, I find Lyricus lying pale and exhausted on the bed, and on the table by the bedside—two sonnets—a case of twins—(*ridiculi mures!*)—lifeless! I console him as best I can while, with wandering steps and slow, we seek a very private exit in the rear of Parturiunt Montes. The natural tears he sheds I wipe away; and brightening up a little at parting, he looks timidly into my eyes and inquires: 'Would you let me come again—if—if I *should* have to?' 'My dear fellow!' I cry out, 'Come whenever you feel the need of it, and God bless you every time!'

Then I hurry back, for there are many patients in Parturiunt Montes, and no one can foresee what may happen. Thus, next door to Lyricus is Tragicus Furens—a troublesome fellow in his pangs,—and away down yonder at the light end of the hall is Fabularum Scriptor—a realist, with an evil eye for facts. I half suspect him of having made a study of me, while he was in the very act of applying for admittance, and he was exacting as regards the landscape from his window, meaning, as I verily believe, to copy it. Moreover, I have caught him any number of times in the rooms of the other patients, the scamp! and once I discovered him covertly laughing at poor Pavo Vacuus, who was describing how he thought in time to be delivered of a romance, which should not be descended from anything whatsoever. But they are all welcome! If they only be poor and virtuous authors, they are all welcome to Parturiunt Montes.

There are times when, instead of being at the head of such an institution, I seem but a humble wayfarer journeying thitherward. 'Come,' I say to some comrade, 'Let us go to Parturiunt Montes, where we can bring forth our little children in peace—where we shall be housed and fed and lapped in quietude—where everything is done for us, nothing charged, and still no debt left overhanging. There with such preliminary nurture—there with such privacy from all the world's alarms and holy seclusion from its impoverishing cares—haply thy little ones—thy poems and stories—will be born more robust and beautiful, with a better claim and a better chance to live. How many hast thou not already buried! the starvelings of thy fancy.'

And we are not alone. No sooner have we stepped out into the road that leads to Parturiunt Montes, than we find it thronged by a shadowy host of poor virtuous authors, who are traveling likewise, in imagination and hope, toward that ideal condition in life, where they can bring forth their literary children without travail of want and care and sorrow. Alas! that all these should be born so ill-conditioned by the wayside! Alas! that not one of the travellers ever yet lifted his weary eyes and beheld carven on a portal before him—'Enter: Parturiunt Montes.'

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Reviews

Some Letter-Writing of Men-of-Letters*

THE ART of correspondence, we are often told, is hopelessly lost in these days of cablegrams, telephones, and typewriters. Perhaps it ought to be, by logical process, but certainly it is not. Whenever one bewails the fact that we

* Correspondence of Henry Taylor. Edited by Edward Dowden. \$2. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

have no Mary Wortley Montagues or Pascals, nowadays, the very next mail is likely to bring some letter from a friend—a woman, probably, for women are brighter letter-writers than men—so full of wit, humor, apt allusion, sound criticism, or wholesome philosophy, that one longs to print it. Or, at the bookseller's, the hand of the browsing reader falls upon some such new volume as the one now to be reviewed—selected letters of the late Sir Henry Taylor, capitably edited by Prof. Edward Dowden. 'Enjoyable' is a somewhat hackneyed adjective in the critical vocabulary, but it is just the word that most often occurs to the mind of the reader of these four hundred pages of correspondence.

The first thing that calls for remark is the discreteness with which the task of inclusion and exclusion has been performed. Sir Henry himself made a preliminary selection from his files of letters, and Professor Dowden, reversing the ancient phrases of confession, has on his part left undone those things which he ought not to have done, and done those things which he ought to have done. It is difficult to discover an instance in which propriety has been violated in any way. If all volumes of posthumously-published correspondence were selected as judiciously, authors would not be driven, as now, to a wholesale destruction of valuable reminiscences and literary material; nor, on the other hand, would readers' time be wasted over frippery and profitless gossip. This book is more interesting, on the whole, than Sir Henry's autobiography. The letters to or from the author of 'Philip van Artevelde' cover the long period between the days of the Lake School and those of Swinburne—Sir Henry's loyal admirer and steadfast friend. They present much more than mere personal reminiscence, for they contain serious and sometimes illuminating discussions of many points in literature, criticism, philosophy, religion, and politics. Sir Henry's career began when that true line was written,

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning;

and it closed in the age of Gladstone and Parnell and anti-vivisection and all that we now call modern. Through it all he preserved that serenity of mood and that helpfulness of hand which should distinguish the literary life in times good or bad; and, naturally, his old friends fell not away, nor were new ones lacking. Emerson once reminded us that

Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told;

but Sir Henry's mind was in its summer-tide at eighty.

The dainties of the literary feast here offered cannot be fairly or fully selected or sampled, within no more than a column of space. In the very first letter (1823) Wordsworth certainly becomes interesting, though perhaps not amiable, when he gives an 'impudent instance' of Byron's 'thefts,' and says: 'Nothing lowered my opinion of Byron's poetical integrity so much as to see "pride of place" carefully noted as a quotation from "Macbeth," in a work where contemporaries, from whom he had drawn by wholesale, were not adverted to. It is mainly on this account that he deserves the severe chastisement which you or some one else will undoubtedly one day give him.' Sir Henry's powers of analytical observation are nicely shown in his estimate of Southey in a letter written to that poet in 1826: 'From some observation of the habitual action of your mind and its laws and customs, I can easily imagine how your opinions were first formed—the eager and rapid grasp with which every system congenial with a happy nature was caught, the fond and firm belief with which it was held; how all knowledge was devoured and digested, and how the busy absorbents opened their mouths upon the chyme, taking up all that would nourish and support the system, rejecting all that would undermine it.' Again, Taylor wrote to Edward Villiers (1827) of a certain 'defect of moral force in Scott's character; invariable candour and moderation in judging men is generally accompanied by such a defect . . . Power of the

imagination in conceiving and depicting strongly a great variety of characters seems scarcely compatible with a strong individuality of character in the person possessing that power.' This statement calls for debate, but it is certainly worth thinking of, and illustrates Sir Henry's own individuality of thought and utterance, which was so respected by the remarkable company of notables represented in these letters. His own fame is less than that of many of his correspondents, but all addressed him as an intellectual equal.

There was a great reserve of strength—and his contemporaries felt it—in a man who could write (to Southey, 1833): 'I am convinced that the real way of abusing people with effect is by a studied forbearance, along with a covert significance of phrase; and that the superiority of this tone is especially felt when it comes in reply to an overt grossness of abuse on the other side.' This is neatness itself; the neatness of the master who is more masterful because he is a gentleman. Yet Taylor, in Macaulay's view (1842), 'succeeded on the whole better in exhibiting the character of the age [in 'Edwin the Fair'] than the character of individuals.' Was it because of his own unconscious reversal of the powers and limitations of Scott, as mentioned by himself? If, however, he had put into his plays and poems such characterizations as those appearing in these letters, there would have been no weakness on that side. 'Carlyle talks more bright and forcible nonsense than man ever did before;' 'I think it is the great desire to have opinions and the incapacity to form them which keeps his [Carlyle's] mind in a constant struggle and gives it over to every kind of extravagance;' Tennyson is 'a very interesting person, a singular compound of manliness and helplessness—manly in his simplicity, and, I should think, in his understanding also;' 'the blank verse of Young and Cowper in the last century, or (with the exception of occasional passages) of Southey and Wordsworth in this, is, to my mind, no more like that of the better Elizabethans than a turnpike road is like a bridle-path, or a plantation like a forest,' etc. A similar definiteness of thought and expression is to be found in his estimates of British politics in the changing decades; of the American way, which he studied with unusual competence; and of the social and philanthropic problems of the day. Fifty passages as good as the above could be quoted here; and, it must be confessed, some ten or a dozen utterances as amazingly eccentric as his wholesale denunciation of Burns's poetry, which is not worth copying. The book is not indispensable, not perfect, not great, and probably not enduring; but it is certainly highly entertaining and not unenstructive.

Room must be found, in closing, for one more example of Sir Henry's sledge-hammer force in the use of a few words,—in a letter to the Archbishop of York, on the evils of field-sports: 'Butchers are necessary, and hangmen and resurrection-men are necessary. And killers of hares and pheasants may be necessary. But if a gentleman were to do a little butchery, or a little hanging, or a little body-snatching for his amusement, he would be considered a very brutal gentleman, because it is not customary.'

Roosevelt's Gouverneur Morris*

TO THE capable and brilliant author of 'The Naval History of the War of 1812,' the well-known reform-politician, and the popular ranch-master, Theodore Roosevelt, have been assigned two biographies in the series of American Statesmen. Whoever reads either 'Thomas Benton' or 'Gouverneur Morris' will find the same strong merits and equally marked defects in Mr. Roosevelt's biographical writing, as in that on ships, or cattle, or grizzly bears. Something of the sense of prairie freedom gained on horseback seems to animate also the student and writer. This appears to be made up in equal parts of quick sight, rapidity of movement, rapid judgment, and a liability to be mistaken

* Gouverneur Morris. By Theodore Roosevelt. \$1.25. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

which seems utterly unsuspected. Even after reading another of Mr. Roosevelt's books, the same wonder recurs to us whether his opinions are permanent convictions, likely to be held after longer time is allowed for reflection, or whether they are simply the brilliant but hasty generalizations from a rapid survey. These, however, are but the thoughts started in our mind by a consideration of his literary style. Had the theory of the formation of the Statesmen series permitted foot-notes or the reference to authorities, and to the sidelights thrown on the central figure by collateral reading, we might modify our impressions.

Gouverneur Morris was one of the ablest and most brilliant men in that group of statesmen by whose genius the United States was formed out of the disunited colonies. He was a true product of New York, made up as it was out of many nationalities, and more truly American than any of the other States. In a full, clear and strong chapter, Mr. Roosevelt gives us a view of the situation in colonial New York, which shows not only his familiarity with documents, but that indefinable sense of local geography and social shadings which belongs to a native. All through the book, many comparisons are drawn between the men of the wars of Revolution and of Secession, and the issues and consequences of each. This is done usually with exactness, and often very felicitously. In addition, we are struck with the author's wide, if not profound, reading of purely European political and general literature. In local history, it certainly does sound odd, and in an unexpected way rather justifies Mayor Hewitt's recent attitude, to read that the toasts drunk on St. Patrick's Day (now made a semi-legal holiday even in Boston, under the name of 'Evacuation Day,' General Gage having on that date kindly made his P. P. C. calls and departed for Halifax) included 'The Protestant Interest' and 'King William of glorious, pious and immortal memory.' The author's generalizations (pp. 51-52,) on the political and military problems in 1775 and in 1861, with their results, are pleasing examples of his ability to compare, contrast, and generalize in crisp and even classic English. He pictures in clear-cut phrase the personality of Morris in the Convention which framed the Constitution of New York, in which the broad principle of religious toleration was secured mainly by the ability and energy of this young man, then but twenty-six. In the Continental Congress, Morris proved himself a truly creative statesman, being among the small number who persistently subordinated local and minor matters to the idea of nationality. In the Constitutional Convention, his splendid powers had full play, and his pen made the last draft of the Constitution; so that practically it is, in its literary form, his document. The social traits and European experiences of this bachelor of tireless industry and highly cultivated tastes—for he remained unmarried till he was fifty-six—are dwelt upon fully. His work as minister to France is interesting to read of now, while Mr. Washburne's memoirs, and Franklin's letters and papers are so fresh in print. In his later life, Morris lost faith in the noble theories he once advanced and became a disunionist. Indeed, all his life, he was strangely, morbidly jealous of the West, insisting that the new territory outside of the original thirteen States 'should be governed as provinces, and allowed no voice in our councils.' Such awful backsliding and lapse from republican faith may probably account for the fact that the fame of so able a statesman and active framer of the Constitution has fallen into comparative obscurity. However, he deserves a place in this series for what he nobly did during our formative state.

If this volume does not specially impress us with Mr. Roosevelt's power as a biographer, we can truly say that we shall always be glad when he strings so freely—whatever be the thread—such pearls of thought as we find sparkling on his pages—on diplomacy (pp. 121-124), on Thomas Paine (p. 288), on the effects of the American and the French Revolutions (p. 299), on Virginia (p. 325), with many others

scattered at random. On his final page, Mr. Roosevelt sums up the personal traits and lasting work of this near friend of Washington, and thorough American—one of the very first to deserve that name.

"The Story of Creation"*

MR. EDWARD CLODD is well known as a skilful popularizer of science. His latest work agrees in purpose with Prof. Heilprin's book, lately noticed in our pages, on the 'Geological Evidences of Evolution,' but takes a considerably wider scope. In this respect it resembles Sir J. W. Dawson's 'Story of the Earth and Man,' from which it differs chiefly, but decidedly, in the fact that while the work of the eminent Montreal professor rejects the evolution theory altogether, Mr. Clodd's book is based entirely on this theory, and is, indeed, expressly designed to set it forth. The author does not, like Prof. Heilprin, undertake—except incidentally—to prove the theory, but simply takes its truth for granted, and explains the making and growth of the material and moral world in accordance with its doctrines.

Beginning with 'the universe,' he describes it as composed of matter and power. Matter consists of atoms, which are only known to us as forming the elementary substances of chemistry, about seventy in number, and which may ultimately be reduced to a single substance—the 'primary form of matter.' Power he distinguishes as manifest in two forms, 'force' and 'energy.' 'Force' is centripetal, binding matter together by gravitation, cohesion, and chemical affinity. 'Energy' is centrifugal and separative, manifested in motion, which takes various forms of heat, light, electricity, and chemical action. Each is invariable in amount, and hence we have the doctrines of the 'persistence of force,' and the 'conservation of energy,' both of which are summed up in the phrase of the 'indestructibility of power.' The author goes on to describe minutely the distribution of matter in space, the sun and planets, the 'past life-history of the earth,' the 'present life-forms,' and the account which the evolution theory gives of their origin and development. He closes with a chapter on 'social evolution,' embracing successively the evolution of mind, of society, of language, art, morals, and theology. The work is written in a clear and readable style, and is profusely illustrated. Many of the illustrations are such as have done service in popular works of science for years past, but others are both new and apt. The 'table of stratified rocks,' with the pictures of 'typical fossils' attached, will be useful, in the way of mnemonics, to readers whose geological notions are misty.

The author's claims are modest. 'As for the work as a whole,' his preface frankly tells us, 'there is probably not a new idea in it, but only an attempt to explain matters of abiding interest and deep significance in as simple and untechnical a style as possible.' It is but just to say that in this attempt he has been fairly successful, and that he has compressed the substance of the latest developments of science into a brief but clear and readable treatise. That the book should occasionally show evidence of the imperfection of scientific knowledge gained at second-hand, and should be in this respect inferior to the expositions of such original investigators as Dawson and Heilprin, is inevitable. Neither of those authors would have told us, in haphazard phrase, that 'the algæ flourished in dense masses in the primeval oceans, and were the chief, if not the sole, representatives of plant life on the earth during millions of centuries.' The utmost extent of time which the calculations of astronomers and physicists allow for the period elapsed from the first formation of a solid crust on the earth to the present day is a hundred millions of years; and some computations reduce it to less than half that time. Geologists—as Mr. Clodd himself shows, on a subsequent page of his book—do not ask for more than the longer of these terms.

*The Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution. By Edward Clodd. \$1.75. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

His expression of 'millions of centuries' is therefore merely a case of writing at random.

After telling us that spoken language had its origin in instinctive cries or imitations of various natural noises, largely aided by signs and gestures, he adds the strange remark: 'To this day, gesture language is the sole mode of communication between certain wandering tribes of American Indians.' If by this we are to understand that there are tribes of Indians who have no language but that of signs, the statement is absurd. If it means simply that when Indians meet whose native languages differ, and who do not know any common speech, they can only communicate by signs, this is no more than happens with travellers in the most civilized countries. The statement that follows is still more perplexing. We are solemnly assured that 'there are other tribes whose stock of word-signs is so limited that they cannot understand each other in the dark.' The savages in this distressful case may be suspected to be those described in Othello's narrative, 'whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Modern science has failed to rediscover these unfortunates, but finds, on the contrary, that the languages spoken by barbarous tribes are specially notable for their power of minutely and accurately uttering all that a savage has occasion to express.

It should, in justice, be added that there are not many oversights of this sort in Mr. Clodd's volume. A work of so wide a range, and depending on such various authorities, could not be expected to be entirely free from errors. In general, the book shows much care and study, and may be accepted as, on the whole, the best popular presentment we have had of the evolutionary view of the method of creation.

Prof. Drummond's Tropical Africa *

IT WAS while the young Professor of Natural History in the Free Church College, Glasgow, was making his trip into the heart of Africa, that his papers, addresses and lectures, collected under the title of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' were published. We remember how his manuscript, which his friends insisted on his sending to the publishers, went the rounds of their offices, the book-tasters seeing nothing in it. Scores of thousands of copies have since been sold, and the popular delight over the volume was very much like that of readers of Ruskin over 'Modern Painters.' As many people imagined that by reading the superb stylist and critic they could fairly master the subject of art, so not a few believed that after having read Drummond they had religion and science permanently reconciled, and theology and philosophy at their fingers' ends, or at least near at hand in a ready reckoner. Many a course of sermons was preached out of the volume once scorned of publishers, and in the rays of this new Drummond light, some clergymen basked for months. Happy the honest preacher who acknowledged the source of his plunder. Woe worth the wight who fain would have his flock believe that the glib flow of science from his tongue was delved from the mines of research. Innocently enough, Drummond emptied more than one pulpit.

Nevertheless, Prof. Drummond at thirty-six is a traveller, a scholar, a man of science and of original research, and no mean lay-preacher. He has succeeded in demonstrating that infidel clubs are usually founded and maintained by orthodox hypocrites and Mammon-loving churchmen. After reading a score or two of books on Africa, we declare that 'Tropical Africa' supplants them all, and is livelier, brighter and wittier than most of them. The Professor must be a jolly travelling-companion (though he travelled alone, except for black porters), and his pages crackle and sparkle with fun. Of science, learning, political knowledge, mastery of African geography and geology and the special things a would-be pedestrian in mid-Africa ought to know, there is a-plenty, but it is served in tid-bits—crisp, juicy, condensed. The essence of a library is in this book. Only ten chapters

are required for the story, but he who reads this book will be well posted on men and things in the Dark Continent. The six maps are in themselves epitomes of knowledge that give the facts on the great subjects of the slave-trade, geology, politics real and alleged, the author's route, general geography, etc. The Professor entered Africa by way of the Zambesi and penetrated to Lake Nyassa. He calls the slave-trade the heart-disease of Africa; he describes paths, insects, wild animals, termites, tribes and chiefs, in most fascinating fashion. We have read it with delight, and commend it for either hot or cold weather, for parlor-table or library-shelf use. In politics, of course, the author is truly British; but as to Africa inhabited only by savages, so are we; for Great Britain is the only Power that spends freely money and men to heal the world's open sore—the slave-trade. The other powers look on, and let her pour out the money, taking care to reap the benefits.

Tolstoi Literature *

PEOPLE who make a specialty of Tolstoi literature will find abundant material for their hobby in the five new volumes issued in excellent translations by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Tolstoi appears to be undergoing a process of intellectual segmentation, or self-multiplication, and to be here, there, and everywhere at one and the same time. Sometimes we see some gorgeous sea-anemone or starry form dropping to pieces in similar guise, presenting itself to us in new and strange shapes, yet in shapes always true to the original. We have hardly half done with one facet of this Russian *Koh-i-noor* before another is flashed upon us, revealing new lights and radiances. In 'A Russian Proprietor,' for example, we have a collection of tales representative of Tolstoi's literary activity between 1852 and 1859, when many of his readers were still unborn. The volume embraces seven stories all more or less autobiographical, it is thought—transcripts from the author's student or gambling days, his travels or his Tartar reminiscences. In each he turns a double lens in on himself and on the marvellous Russian nature amid which he grew up, revealing in 'A Prisoner in the Caucasus' an exquisite idyll of Tartar life as pastorally vivid, as realistically sharp, as genius of the first order can make it. 'The Long Exile' consists of a baker's-dozen of delightful children's tales upon which Mr. Dole came by accident while looking over Tolstoi's pedagogical works. In them the Russian reveals himself as a Slav Hans Andersen—a giant reflected in a drop of honeydew. Many of them are incomparable peasant-tales written in almost a baby-dialect, yet replete with tender and lovable truth. It is the child-side of Tolstoi's nature that is so lovely, not his Boanergic earnestness, his political reveries, his dreams of reform or his profound historical and dramatic sense. His natural gifts as a story-teller again emerge emphatically in 'The Invaders and Other Stories,' in which he shows his intimate knowledge of Russian life and character six times over, in six strongly individualized tales. He has compiled an encyclopædia of experience which takes concrete form in tales like these: tales of war, of horses, of wood-cutting, of strange bed-fellows and stranger acquaintance: wondrous *steppe*-stories in which people are lost in the storm; and seri-stories like 'Polikushka,' in which the *vodka* flies round the genial circle and the Russian recruits are as jolly as the harvest moon. In volumes like these Tolstoi gathers up his gleanings, binds them in sheaves, and leaves them for any chance translator that comes that way to stumble upon—'real mines of gold,' as Mr. Dole enthusiastically calls them, each as characteristic as the rubies that jingle in the braided hair of little Dina, in 'A Prisoner in the Caucasus.'

In 'Life' we are already on graver ground. The silvery

1. *A Russian Proprietor. \$1.50. From the Russian. 2. The Long Exile, and Other Stories for Children. \$1.25. 3. The Invaders. \$1.25. All translated from the Russian by N. H. Dole. 4. Life. Tr. from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. \$1.25. 5. The Physiology of War: Napoleon and the Russian Campaign. Tr. from the French by Huntington Smith. \$1. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

* Tropical Africa. By Henry Drummond. \$1.50. New York: Scribner & Welford.

voices of children are no longer heard; we are hailed by a deep and solemn muezzin from the top of a tower, who calls to us that 'the renunciation of happiness on the part of the animal personality is the law of man's life;' that 'spiritual birth is the only birth;' that 'love is love only when it is the sacrifice of self;' and that 'the life of dead men is not ended in this world.' In other words, we have in this book a philosophical treatise of high ethical intent in which Tolstoy's peculiar views of the philosophy of life and death and work are calmly and strikingly discussed. His concluding words are: 'The life of man is a striving towards good, that towards which he strives is given to him; life cannot be death, and good cannot be evil.' For him the true test of all religions is reason and love of man for man. In his latest work, 'The Physiology of War,' he is still a polemic, taking Napoleon's terrible and dramatic campaign in Russia as an illustration of the horrid aspects of war. Napoleon himself is stripped of his plumes, and the common soldier is shown to be the presiding genius of all modern warfare. Thus, again, he vindicates the dignity of essential manhood, and repudiates with contempt the Carlylean ideal of the hero and his worshipper.

The Name of America*

A NEATLY printed and profusely illustrated little book, on 'the origin of the name of America,' treats of a subject which is always interesting, and concerning which one of the latest theories—that proposed by Dr. Jules Marcou—has been lucidly presented to our readers by Dr. Hale. The author of the present work has a different notion. He agrees with Dr. Marcou in rejecting the usual derivation, and in holding that the name of our continent was not due to Americus Vesputius; but he looks for its origin, not to the 'Amerrique' mountains and mountaineers of Costa Rica, but to the southern division of the continent, and especially to that portion of it which was first visited by Columbus. He seeks to show that the native appellation of this region was *Amaraca*, and that on the report of the great discoverer and his companions, this name, slightly varied in the spelling, was finally adopted by the Spanish authorities for the whole of the New World. This suggestion is not original with the author, but he has followed it up with considerable industry, and maintains it with great enthusiasm, though not in a very satisfying manner. His argument consists mainly in showing that among the many places visited by Columbus and his successors, there were several in whose names some resemblance to the word America can be traced. He finds this resemblance in *Maracapaná*, the name (according to this work) of a coast-region of South America discovered by Columbus on his third voyage; also in the village of *Maracaibo*, on the same coast; again, in the valley of *Americapana*, which Raleigh passed through in his expedition to the Orinoco; still further, in the native kingdom of *Cundinamarca*, the Peruvian tribe of the *Aymaras*, and even in the towns of *Gumaraah* and *Panama*, and in various still vaguer adumbrations.

Some of these similarities appear to be of a dubious character. Thus the coast region visited by Columbus is styled in some early chronicles *Manacapaná*; and the Peruvian city in which Atahualpa was captured and executed by Pizarro was named *Caxamalca*,—*Caxamarca* (or rather *Cajamarca*) being the modern form. Etymologists know that *n*, *r*, and *l* are frequently interchanged; but in these cases no intimation is given on this point. The author apparently confounds the Quiches of Guatemala with the Quichuas of Peru,—the two having, in fact, no more to do with each other than Macedon had with Monmouth. He actually cites the *Popol Vuh*, or 'National Book,' of the Quiches as the 'sacred book' of the Peruvians. His work is a crude jumble of facts and fancies, leaving the impression of a specious and attractive theory spoiled in the setting forth. But as the

book comprises much entertaining matter and many spirited pictures, a purchaser, whatever he may think of its argument, will probably consider that he has secured his money's worth.

"Cædwalla"*

THIS interesting historical novel is an attempt to present to younger readers the Anglo-Saxon civilization—if civilization it can be called—of the Seventh Century, and more especially in the Isle of Wight. Such a task as Mr. Cowper has set himself is a very difficult one: to reconstruct out of dead museum-rubbish, dead chronicles, dead archaeological remains, dead traditions, a living, pulsating picture of times 1000 years and more ago—a task as difficult as that of the palæontologist who enters his museum with his class and tries to make them 'realize' that all these mounted mammoth specimens and hideous reptiles and giant fishes and flowers were once alive,—glaring, glowing, swimming, creeping, blooming in and on a pre-historic earth. It is like combing out the starry hair of Berenice into tangibilities,—peopling the continents of Mars with fauna and flora,—crowning the seas of Hyperion with ships and commerce. However, Mr. Cowper goes bravely to work, as Alfred de Vigny, Scott, and Kingsley did before him; and with the aid of the Venerable Bede, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Mallet's Northern Antiquities, Freeman, Lingard, and Milman, constructs an ingenious story within which disport themselves many lifelike figures, Saxon, Briton, and foreign. It is essentially a story for boys, without sentimentality, full of manliness and good morality and adventure; and though it mixes mythologies a little, is a little uncertain in its archaeology, and does not always fill in the philological side of the picture accurately, it revives and animates a dead period with vivacious coloring, and gives the young reader a generally truthful account of the rough, rude times with which it deals. Only good can flow from the perusal of such a book—whatever the maturer reader may feel about the rather florid dedication to H. R. H. Prince Henry of Battenberg, etc., etc., etc.

Evolution and Religious Belief†

IT IS a matter for profound congratulation that good people are learning to confide in the power of truth, to grasp the axiom that truth is self-consistent, and so to be assured that every part of it, whether discovered by scientist or theologian, must fit into every other part, whether discovered by theologian or scientist. The mediæval view of Christian faith has not been quite banished from the earth (witness the recent astounding utterance of the Southern Presbyterians in regard to Dr. Woodrow's teachings), but it is widely recognized as mediæval, and by and by it will be relegated to the museums.

Dr. McCosh has long been known as a champion of broader and sounder opinions on this question, and now (1) he gives in brief chapters or lectures a connected expression of the argument as it lies in his mind. He is always sturdy, always confident, always energetic, and his position has strength largely because he takes it so manfully, and defends it so unflinchingly. His successive topics are 'The State of the Question,' 'The Organic History,' 'Powers Modifying Evolution,' 'Beneficence in the Method of Evolution,' 'Geology and Scripture,' and 'The Age of Man.' His philosophy is better than his science or his exegesis; the chapter on 'Geology and Genesis' shows less thorough and competent treatment than the rest. The substance of the book is already sufficiently known from Dr. McCosh's previous writings. Perhaps the greatest novelty in the whole matter is that the lectures were delivered at an Episcopal institution, and on a foundation whose former incumbents

* *Cædwalla*; or, *The Saxons in the Isle of Wight. A Tale.* By Frank Cowper. With Illustrations. New York: E. J. B. Young & Co.

† 1. *The Religious Aspect of Evolution. Bedell Lectures, 1887.* By James McCosh. \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2. *Christianity and Evolution: Modern Problems of the Faith.* New York: T. Whittaker.

* *Discovery of the Origin of the Name of America.* By Thomas de St. Bris. 50 cts. New York: American News Co.

were Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. 'The Age of Man,' by the way, does not in this book mean man's antiquity, but the period of the life of mankind on the earth.

The publishers of *The Homiletic Magazine* continue their 'symposia,' although the name symposium is wanting in the present case (2). Ten gentlemen here represent each some phase of evolution in relation to Christian truth. The scrappy effect of this treatment, noticed in other similar volumes, does not disappear in the present case, though it is less marked, owing to a somewhat careful sub-division of the general subject. But the articles lack unity; they do not agree in definitions; the authors occupy different standpoints, and it is only the common aim, and the broad effect, that can be regarded as satisfactory. The most forcible and most nearly brilliant paper is the first, on 'Evolution in Relation to Miracle,' by the Rev. George Matheson.

Recent Fiction

'AN IRISH KNIGHT of the Nineteenth Century' is not an ambitious biography, but a simple tale of the hero-martyr whom Erin and the world lost, when Robert Emmet was laid at rest beneath a nameless slab in the churchyard of St. Michins. In choosing a simple theme on which to try her pen, Miss Davis has shown herself possessed of a good taste, which other tyros in letters would do well to emulate, and which in itself is a good augury of future work. Miss Davis's love for her martyred hero is a girl's love, with all its tenderness and its enthusiasm, and she has told it forcibly and earnestly. She shows, too, that she had given her subject much thought before she trusted her impressions upon paper, and it is her sincerity of purpose and honesty of conviction that give the little book its interest. As is to be expected, the diction is not that of an accustomed hand, and the simile is often crude and threadbare; but for all that it is a glowing little story of a hero-worship of which all lovers of patriotism and self-abnegation must join in praise. (25 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

IN THIS AGE, when one's appetite for short stories is fed upon morsels from the pens of Stevenson, Bret Harte, Octave Thanet, Aldrich, and others of like gifts, one is apt to become a *gourmet*, and to turn aside from the bread-and-butter stories of less sensitive artists. Had these tales of Wm. H. Bishop which Cassell & Co. publish under the title of 'The Brown Stone Boy, and Other Queer People' come to us at a time in the history of literature when there was not this wealth of first-rate work to choose from, we might—while observing that the flavor was rather flat—have consumed them gratefully. But now we have grown uncompromisingly critical. We notice that the style is a trifle dull, the selection of incidents not felicitous, the fancy meagre. The story which gives title to the book, along with its humor has deep pathos. Excepting this, and the quaint one of the deaf-mutes, the tales lack vitality. Mr. Bishop's work is uneven. This, while not a virtue in itself, has the advantage, in so prolific a writer, that what does not suit one reader may please another.

IN 'FOR FIFTEEN YEARS' (D. Appleton & Co.)—the sequel to 'The Steel Hammer,' from the French of Louis Ulbach—the same sustained analysis, the same strength and vigor which marked the former volume are stamped upon every page. As the title implies, the scene opens some fifteen years after the tragedy in the Bois de Boulogne. Madame de Monterey for that length of time has been living in self-imposed martyrdom; shielding her cowardly husband on the one hand from the insidious Emilienne and the verification of her terrible suspicions; and, on the other hand, endeavoring by a life of love to atone for that husband's crime. Destiny, however, she knows is in pursuit of her, and must soon or late run her down. She only hopes, by a long life of renunciation and atonement, to bulwark her family and its honor against the hour. Destiny does at last overtake her, and her son—her idol—becomes, through his love for the daughter of Emilienne and the condemned murderer, the unconscious destroyer of his father, the medium through which his crime at last is known. In the powerful scene in the *salon*, where he is struck dead by the discovery and the accusation of Mme. Mortier, the awful *dénouement* of the tale at last is reached. Emilienne, after long years of patient watching, has found her hour to strike her blow. She goes away to prepare vengeance and to clear her husband's name; but the record of Gabrielle's heart, as she has written almost its every beat since the hideous crime, averts the blow, and from an instrument of vengeance, she prostrates herself in reverence at the feet of Gaston's widow. This heart's record as it is rehearsed by Ulbach, the searchings into the

mind of Emilienne, the torture and the disease of Gaston's brain, are all so powerfully handled, so vividly portrayed, that we live and move and have our being under the accursed roof-tree of the Château de la Huproie. And we breathe free again only when the fearful strain is over, and the hideous burden of suspense is lifted from the shoulders of poor, faithful, heart-broken Gabrielle, as she lays Gaston in the tomb, and receives homage from the only enemy she has ever known.

A Venetian Goblet and Greek Wine

A FANTASY

I

SWIRL of the storied wave, by a sport of the air upcaught,
And so moulded by sorcerous thought
That the wind shall not lay thee again, nor finely disperse
thee in foam,

O charmed concretion,
O Chalice Venetian!

What one of the Ocean's bright daughters, having her pal-
aced home

Under the blue sea-dome,
Up through thy spiral glided—smote through thine undulant
weft—

And swiftly her passage cleft,
Whereof, as a sign, thou dost keep
Forever imprinted in thee her garments' sinuous sweep?
And wearest thou not that circlet of gold in proof of thy
glassing

The goddess in passing?

II

O Chalice Venetian,
Now while thine influence sways me, now while thy servant
I hymn thee,

With wine will I brim thee,
With wine from the birth-realm of Homer!
Kiss thou this mellow-lipped Grecian,—
This soul of the flush Dionysus shed in a clime never wintry,
But thence a far roamer,
And now somewhat darkling, bewildered, late come from the
night of the vintry!

III

A thrill goeth through thee,—
The god doth undo thee!
Wave and moist air, as thou wert, wilt thou to these be re-
turning

With rapture and yearning?
What! dost thou languish, dissolve, fleet away, at one puis-
sant breath?

I lose thee, O Chalice Venetian;
For now dost thou seem but as billow and opaline vapor
that follow,

Assuaging the fervid Apollo,
When, at his journey's completion,
All the hushed shore and the deep and the height gaze rapt
on his death!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Lounger

MR. H. C. BUNNER, editor of *Puck*, seems to be a fortunate as well as a clever man; for he is, according to a writer in *The Epoch*, able to spend half his time at his country home though editing a paper in New York. The man who can work under his own vine and fig-tree is to be envied. I find it harder, however, to work in the country than in the city, in some respects. In town there is nothing else to do at your office but sit at your desk and write; but in the country, everything tempts you to lay down your pen and go out of doors. You feel like sitting under a tree (if you happen to be in a place where there are no mosquitoes) and gazing about you at the beauties of nature—at the grass and the shrubs, or at the fleecy clouds 'drifting through gulfs of trees;' or you want to have a romp with your dog, or gossip about the crops with farmer Hayseed when he comes along. I find it hard to read the most absorbing book out of doors, the book of nature has so many more

attractions. All the same, if I did not see the city from June to December, I should be more than content; and I would learn to work in the country.

MRS. CUSTER, having got her subscription book, 'Tenting on the Plains,' well on the market, has packed her steamer trunk and gone to Europe. She sailed from Boston, as she went to chaperone a young lady from that city. She is a splendid traveller, and the Boston young lady is fortunate in her companion—one who never gets tired, and whom the inconveniences of travelling never annoy. If Mrs. Custer had not gone to Europe, she would have spent part of the summer in her cabin near the Delaware Water-Gap. This cabin is in the woods near a running stream, two miles from any settlement. There is a farm about a mile away, from which Mrs. Custer is supplied with butter, milk, eggs and chickens. The cabin is roughly furnished, but very cosy. There is nothing of value there, and when the owner goes away, she simply closes the door behind her; when she comes back, she finds everything as she left it. This sort of camping-out life is a great rest to her after a season of social excitement. It would be a good thing for any one, but it must be particularly attractive to a person who has spent as many years on the plains as Mrs. Custer has.

I HAVE RECEIVED the following letter from J. P., a well-known dealer in old books:

What you said in THE CRITIC of June 23, about 'dramatizations of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter,"' prompts me to furnish some bibliographical facts for the entertainment of your readers. The dramatizations of the novel are as follows:—"The Scarlet Letter": a drama in three acts, from N. Hawthorne's celebrated novel, dramatized by George H. Andrews. 12mo. Boston, 1871. 'A romantic drama in four acts, entitled "The Scarlet Letter." Dramatized from Nathaniel Hawthorne's masterly romance, by Gabriel Harrison. 8vo. Brooklyn, 1876.' 'Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" dramatized: a play in four acts. By Elizabeth Weller Peck. 12mo. Boston, 1876.' (This is the 'blank-verse' version which you think was never published.) "The Scarlet Letter": a drama in five acts. Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne's Romance of the same name, by James D. McCabe. 4to. MSS. This version has never been published. The 'Scarlet Letter,' productions on the stage are: Barnum's Museum, 1858; Boston Theatre, 1870; Hooley's Brooklyn Opera House, 1876; and London, 1888. Hawthorne in his 'Note-Books' says that 'The Scarlet Letter' might succeed as an opera but not as a play.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON has already written his reminiscences of the stage, but he has not yet decided when, or just how, to publish them. Mr. Jefferson is a most delightful talker, and the little that I have seen of his writing has been quite equal to his conversation. It is not only his anecdotes that will be interesting; his comments on the stage and acting will have great value. Mr. Jefferson has just gone to his son's summer home on Buzzard's Bay, and will be seen cruising around in his yacht whenever the weather permits, for he is devoted to the water, being not only a sailor but a fisherman.

A NOVEL with an Eskimo hero is among the possibilities. A Norwegian lady, Signe Rink, who has spent many years in that little-known country, is reported to be at work on a series of tales depicting life in Greenland. Among the characters introduced will be sundry heroes and heroines of the paddle, spear and sledge. There is, in the neighborhood of the magnetic pole, a wide and practically unworked field for the romantic fictionist—though the Arctic traveller may be suspected of having broken ground there, in embellishing the stubborn facts of his experience. 'A Romeo of the Igloos' wouldn't be a bad name for a tale of rival Netchillik houses; and 'Hot Sledge-Runners' might run 'Hot Plowshares' a desperately close race (unless they cut through the snow and ice too quickly.) 'Paul and Virginia' might serve as the prototype of 'Toolooah and Ahlangyah; or, Love at 70 Below Zero.' Mr. Rider Haggard, by the way, is summering in Iceland; and unless his imagination gets too close to the glaciers, something startling in the way of hyperborean literature is likely to find itself in type next autumn.

IT APPEARS that dear old Mother Goose has become superannuated and forgotten and is now reckoned among the things that were. Last winter my little niece reached that tender age when she began to spell out her letters at her nurse's knee and as Christmas came and with it the undying recollection of my earliest Christmas stocking, my first thought, of course, was of Mother Goose's Melodies for her's. I dropped into a big book-store to purchase them one evening in the holidays and was told to my amazement that the book was not in stock; another big establishment revealed the same state of things and I scoured the neighborhood but failed to

find a copy. There was no call any more for the book now; it had been superseded by modern nursery rhymes. And so my little niece is almost upon her fifth birthday and knows no more of Mother Goose than she does of the moon. True she has beautiful picture-books and illustrated Books of Nonsense and 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' and 'The Joyous Story of Toto,' is it not? Exquisite things in their way, no doubt, but ought they not rather to be made contributory to the honored old-time child-lore, than substitutes? I suppose child-life is just as sweet now as in my small days, but somehow it seems it must be incomplete without the songs old Mother Goose sang us and the fairy tales. Does it know anything, I wonder, of Cinderella and Blue-beard and Hop o' My Thumb? or are they 'old-fashioned' too. And even 'boys' books do not seem what they used. Now we have the 'Boys' Froissart' and juvenile adaptations of the 'Arabian Nights'; but surely Froissart can not be the same, unless little hands lift down from the shelves far, far above them, those ponderous black old tomes, I knew, and childish lips spell over their black old letters and childish eyes pore over their quaint old rubrics and illuminations; and I know no modern adaptations can ever be the same as the Arabian Nights I fed upon, with its picture of the distorted giant, the foreshortened Codadad and the pigmy Princess in the castle-window. Still I remember my revered grandfather used to prate on my ignorance of the Rule of Three and the 'New England Primer' and moan over the degeneracy of the times, as doubtless his grandfather had done before him; and as doubtless my little niece will be doing in the years to come.

A QUIANT, genial, whole-souled comrade was Capt. Roland F. Coffin who slipped so quietly out of life this week. For twenty years now he has been a unique feature in metropolitan journalism and in newspaperdom not to know Capt. Coffin was to argue oneself unknown. A week ago, as was his annual custom, he sailed away with the Atlantic Yacht Club on its summer cruise and was in the act of transmitting his report to the *World*, for which he has labored faithfully ever since he quitted the deep, when he dropped in the harness. He was a scion of the old Nantucket family, who for generations have gone down to the sea in ships, and from them he seems to have imbibed into his very soul, something of salt air and the sea. His talk smacked of the fo'castle and had the crisp flavor of the brine about it and his gait had in it always the rolling amble of the tar. Whenever a new man put in an appearance on the ever-increasing staff of the *World*, the Captain would say in his droll way: 'That's a new sail I've just sighted,' or if a person didn't meet with his approval, something was wrong about 'the cut of his jib.' An inveterate story-teller he was, too, and many weary hours has he wiled away among his fellows with his 'yarns,' which of late years have appeared widely in print. A genuine old sea-dog was the Captain through and through, and with one of the kindest hearts beneath his breast that ever beat.

International Copyright

IT MUST be borne in mind that the work of the American Copyright League will not come to an end with the passage of the Copyright Bill. The working of the Bill will have to be carefully watched, and its provisions may need to be perfected. A part of the object of the League is also to obtain reforms of the domestic copyright law, which, as is well known, is inadequate, especially on the side of penalties. In the meantime, much yet remains to be done to secure the passage of the Chace Bill. It is now desired to extend the membership of the League to include all friends of the reform, especially authors, journalists, educators, lawyers, and clergymen. Persons in sympathy with the movement for the establishment and defence of literary property are invited to join the League. The following is the text of the Constitution, adopted Nov. 7, 1885:

ARTICLE I. This Association shall be called the American Copyright League.

ART. II. The object of the American Copyright League shall be to procure the abolition, as far as possible, of all discrimination between the American and the foreign author, and to obtain reforms of American Copyright Law.

ART. III. Any person may become a member, if approved by the Council, by signing the Constitution and paying \$2 a year.

ART. IV. There shall be an annual meeting of the American Copyright League in the first week of November, at a time and place to be designated by the Council, to hear reports, to elect a Council for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of other business.

ART. V. The government of the League shall be vested in a Council of Thirty Members, which shall have power: 1. To select from its own number an Executive Committee of Five Members. 2. To fill vacancies. 3. To elect its own officers, who shall be the officers of the League. 4. To make expenditures for the objects of the League. 5. To call meetings.

ART. VI. The Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of those present at a meeting of the League to be called on request of any five members of the League, or at any annual meeting. But no amendment shall be made except upon one month's written or printed notice sent to every member of the League, such notice to be accompanied by a copy of the proposed amendment.

DEAR SIR:

Approving the purposes and methods of the American Copyright League as expressed in the above Constitution, I desire to be enrolled as a Member.

Yours truly,

.....
Address.....
.....

TO GEORGE WALTON GREEN, *Secretary*,
11 Pine Street,
New York City.

Accompanying the application should be sent a check for two dollars (\$2), the annual dues, drawn to the order of Robert U. Johnson, Treasurer, care of *The Century Magazine*, 12 Lafayette Place, New York.

UNDER the title, 'The Grievances between Authors and Publishers,' the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is President, some time ago issued from the Leadenhall Press a report of the conferences held in March, 1887, with additional matter and concluding remarks. The objects of the Society are stated at length, the first article being 'To further the establishment of an International Copyright Union, and to secure the adhesion of the American Government thereto.' It also aims 'To procure the passage of an Act which shall amend and consolidate the law of Domestic Copyright,' and 'to ascertain and to define the principles which should in equity rule the agreements of authors with publishers.' The paper by Mr. Walter Besant on 'The Maintenance of Literary Property,' which at the time created lively discussion among English publishers, is given in full in this highly interesting report. 'No one in this country, or in any other country,' says Mr. Besant, 'has at any time ever attempted to ascertain the true principles, founded on equity and justice, which should govern the relations between author and publisher.' 'What proportion,' it is asked, 'of the results of the sale of a book should be retained by the publisher in payment of his services for producing a book in the publishing of which there is no risk?' Mr. Besant considers in turn the four principal methods of publishing: sale outright to the publisher, the system of half profits, that of a royalty, and that of publication on commission. He unsparingly assails the half-profit system, stating that the custom has gradually sprung up of making a secret profit on the cost of production. This practice, says Mr. Besant, has become possible 'because, in rendering their accounts, publishers have never submitted vouchers of the items charged, nor have authors demanded a scrutiny of the books.' It is this portion of the paper which seems to have aroused most opposition, to judge from a letter by Mr. George M. Smith here reprinted from the *Times*. Mr. Charles Longman, however, wrote Mr. Besant in the interval between the first and second meetings of the Society, to say that in future his firm would adopt the practice of giving vouchers for accounts. Messrs. Bentley & Sons, Chatto & Windus, Field & Tuer, Macmillan & Co., and Mr. John Murray, also pursue this course. Mr. Besant finds the method of publication on commission likewise open to objection. He prefers the royalty system, but proposes in the case of books the production of which no risk attaches, a royalty of one-third, instead of the customary tenth, of the price actually paid by the public. But, in order to insure that the publisher shall be

paid for his labor, a fee, the amount to be agreed upon, should first be charged on the book. Mr. Besant dreams of a great Society of Authors, with branches all over the habitable globe, which is to publish the books of all its members, the authors receiving all the proceeds, less the cost of production and of management.

At the second meeting Mr. Edmund Gosse gracefully put in a plea for the rank and file of the profession—not the hopelessly unhelpable class, but 'the half-successful writer, the person who has a right to exist, and who yet cannot force himself, or herself, strongly upon the public.' Mr. Gosse gave a summary of the laws of the great French Association of Men and Women of Letters, entitled the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, founded in 1837. At the third meeting Mr. John Hollingshead delivered a forcible and very entertaining address on the subject of unauthorized adaptations of novels, and the repressive restrictions surrounding International Copyright. He gave an amusing account of a curious remedy against the unauthorized dramatization of a novel, saying:

We will assume that the novelist writes and publishes a novel that has imbedded within it a perfect drama. His first duty will be to make a skeleton drama. He may make a thoroughly good acting drama if he likes; and then he has to get his drama performed. The question is, where? We are now brought face to face with a very extraordinary institution which you will allow me to call the Theatre Royal, Stoke Pogis. It is a theatre entirely created by Act of Parliament, though it has not any subsidy from the State. You want to have a play performed to secure your copyright. You take it down to the Stoke Pogis Theatre, and you collect a small audience of 'weary ploughmen.' You stop their 'plodding home,' and you get them to go into this theatre with a substantial payment, chiefly made in the beer of the realm. A sort of performance is gone through; I cannot call it a performance—it is a sort of legal Mumbo-jumbo rite. These ploughmen witness this performance. The two respectable householders, who are rarely absent from any legal document in this country, then certify that a performance has been given, and the novelist then may go away perfectly satisfied that he has secured his legal rights in his play as distinct from his publishing rights in his novel.

The report contains addresses by Lord Lytton, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Sir Francis Adams. In an Appendix appear some remarks by George Haven Putnam on publishing methods in the United States. Mr. Putnam points out that Mr. Besant's supposed author of a book involving no risk to the publisher, is a very exceptional being indeed. The customary rate of ten per-cent. is a fair average royalty, representing less than half the net profits of a volume securing a large sale, 'but more, and sometimes much more, than half the profits on a volume the sale of which is inconsiderable.' It is offered as evidence that American authors are, as a rule, satisfied with their publishers, that 'it is the exception where all the works of one author, or at least all his works of the same character, are not to be found on the catalogue of one house.'

The Fine Arts

Two Books on Art *

THESE two little books represent opposite tendencies in American art-literature. One is the growl chronic (1), while the other is gently but firmly explanatory (2). The former gives everybody the lie, and admits no good in anything; the latter cases its hand of iron in a glove of velvet, in order to bring the dear public into a proper frame of mind and focal distance for seeing pictures with the author's eyes. Both are somewhat arbitrary and intolerant, and both are too much governed by the personal opinions of certain of our younger American artists. Mr. Ford inscribes his pamphlet 'to a group of painters who bear to-day upon their brush-tips the honor of American Art,' ranging from Chase, Inness and Lafarge to Vail and Mosler. In various chapters on 'The Middleman,' 'Mountebanks and Paint,' 'The Voice of the Auctioneer,' 'Picture Shows and Shams,' and 'Forgery by Brush,' Mr. Ford tells us what we already knew—that there is a great deal of humbug in New York art. In the chapter on 'The Man-of-Letters,' the hard-

*1. Art: a Commodity. By Sheridan Ford. New York: Organized Art. 2. How to Judge of a Picture. By John C. Van Dyke. 75c. New York: Chautauqua Press.

working, conscientious critics of the New York press 'catch it' all round from kind Mr. Ford. He says THE CRITIC's art department is 'innocuous and warranted not to run counter to the prejudices of anybody.' For this mild judgment we are indebted to him; others fare less well.—MR. VAN DYKE's opinions are in the main sufficiently valuable to make him a trustworthy guide for the young and the untutored. He illustrates the principles he sets forth with examples of various schools of modern art, many of which are familiar to the New York public. He has a preference for gray and brown pictures, which leads him to be rather unjust to those of more brilliant hues. The chapter on tone is well written, but that on composition is weak and the reverse of modern in the canons it upholds. A good book on composition, written from the modern standpoint, is very much needed in American art-literature. The chapter on values gives a definition of the term which might be more simply put as general truthfulness of relations of light and shade without regard to color.

Art Notes

MR. H. H. H. CAMERON (the initials read like an abbreviation of 'Hip Hip Hurrah!'), a son of Julia Margaret Cameron, the famous English amateur photographer of fifteen years ago, is following diligently in his mother's footsteps. She, it may be remembered, undertook, at Tennyson's request, to pose and photograph groups of people to illustrate the Laureate's poems. Two hundred negatives were made to obtain eighteen or twenty pictures suitable for insertion between the lithographed fac-similes of the poet's manuscripts. Photographic portraits of Tennyson, Herschel, Browning and Carlyle added to the lady's fame. The boy who assisted in her studio, having grown to be a man, has now taken his mother's place, and is turning out successful likenesses of the celebrities of the day—Gladstone, Lowell, Browning, Mary Anderson, etc. We have seen the last of these, representing the actress as Perdita, but can hardly consider it a fair specimen of the taker's work. Mr. Watts has given Mr. Cameron the privilege of copying his familiar paintings, and 'sepia-toned platinotypes' of 'Hope,' 'Love and Death,' etc., are the result. The photographer's American agent, Mr. W. K. Vickery, is a San Francisco dealer in art-works.

—In the department of art, Dodd, Mead & Co. announce 'Rembrandt's Etchings' (fifty of the most notable ones, reproduced in Paris), with biography of the artist and notes to each picture, by Charles B. Curtis, author of 'Velazquez and Murillo.' The regular edition will be in vellum; but there will also be an edition of fifty copies on Japan paper. They will issue also 'Etchings by French Artists,' ten in number, by Detaille, Casanova, Martial, Jazet, Guinard, Cortazzo, and others. Of this there will be a special edition of fifty Japan-paper impressions mounted in portfolio. The same firm will publish new students' editions of Woltmann and Woerman's 'History of Painting,' and Mrs. Lucy Mitchell's 'History of Sculpture,' each in two volumes, with the original illustrations.

—Vincent Colyer, a well-known American artist, died last week at Darien, Conn. He was born in New York in 1825 and was elected a member of the National Academy in 1849. Many of his pictures were of Western subjects and others were Connecticut landscapes. He also painted European subjects.

—At the meeting of the Reform Club last week, the art-tariff question was discussed in connection with the question of tariff in general and a loan collection was held, which included works by Chase, Wiles, Beckwith, Hopkinson Smith, and Percival de Luce.

—The June number of the *Studio* has for its frontispiece a process reproduction of a wooden bust of a Japanese girl by a Japanese artist, which is pretty but scarcely in place in so serious a publication as the *Studio*. Two etchings by Buhot are reproduced, the artistic copyright laws discussed and the National Academy Exhibition dissected. Mrs. Mary Putnam Jacobi contributes an able paper on Katharina and Petruccio in which she cleverly analyzes the character of Katharina.

—The *Magazine of Art* for August opens with a paper by Sir John Everett Millais in which he gossips pleasantly but in platitudes of modern art-tendencies and his own methods. There are two portraits of him given. Gregory's portrait of Miss Mabel Gal-
loway, an abnormally long-legged child seated on a table, is very badly drawn as to the nether limbs, but the composition is good and the head picturesque. 'A Painter's House-boat' describes the home of a sea-faring artist. A second paper, by Fred G. Kitton, on 'Charles Dickens and his Familiar Portraits' is accompanied by a reproduction of Frith's sketch of Dickens and two of photographs.

—A well-known French sculptor, Antoine Etex, who was also a painter, engraver and architect, died in Paris on Tuesday, aged eighty-one. He was a pupil of Ingres and Duban. As a sculptor

his most important works were 'Cain,' exhibited in the Salon of 1833, statues of Charlemagne, St. Augustine, Leda, Olympia and Rossini, 'The Shipwrecked Sailors' and a bust of M. de Lesseps. Among his pictures are 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Dante and Beatrice' and 'The Flight into Egypt.' As an architect he designed the tomb of Napoleon. He was received into the Legion of Honor in 1841.

—John Wanamaker has purchased Munkacsy's picture, 'Christ on Calvary,' as a companion piece to the celebrated 'Christ before Pilate.' He is said to have paid the same price for this last purchase, as for the first, \$100,000.

Current Criticism

MR. HENLEY'S 'VIRILE HUMANITY.'—Mr. Henley's verses are deftly turned; but the proficient rhymesters of the day can be counted almost by the score, and what is more singular about this writer's work than its clever craftsmanship is its ring of genuine and virile humanity. The verse of this thoroughly frank and right quality on common themes is not so easy as it seems, nor by any means so plentiful as we could wish it. There is enough of it in Mr. Henley's volume to deserve, and we should hope to earn, a popularity for his book among that large class of readers who, liking poetry, yet like it plain, and whom far-fetched motives, ingenious metres, and recondite constructions fail to attract.

Not but what Mr. Henley can handle the ingenuities of verse when he likes, and play at tricks of craftsmanship with the most adroit. A third division of his book is headed 'Bric-à-Brac,' and consists of exercises in metrical form—ballade, rondel, sonnet or quatorzain, and rondeau—of the kind which has given so much employment to English verse-wrights of late years. Even in these exercises, while he misses something of the whimsical daintiness and light charm of which such forms are capable in hands like those of Mr. Austin Dobson or Mr. Andrew Lang—yet even here Mr. Henley's gift of lusty vigor, his spirited ring, his touch of wholesome plainness and freshness, do not desert him. Few English ballades, for instance, strike us as more agreeable reading than Mr. Henley's two 'Of Spring Music' and 'Made in Hot Weather'; and this concluding section of his work is welcome as completing the variety of contents in what is certainly one of the most interesting, fresh, and spirited among recent volumes of verse.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE EFFECTS OF THE ART TARIFF.—Any duty upon objects of this nature is a discouragement to the patronage of art, and places a kind of stigma on those who are really doing a public service. Miss Wolfe last year left to the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, a collection of paintings valued at \$400,000. They are an ornament to the city, a source of pride to its citizens, an attraction to strangers, an inspiration and a lesson to artists and students. There is many a town in Europe, with less costly treasures, that American travellers go miles out of their way to visit. At the present rate of duty the gathering of a collection similar to Miss Wolfe's would entail upon the collector a tax of \$120,000. It can readily be apprehended how such a tax, if it did not prove altogether prohibitory, would diminish the probability of the collector's giving or bequeathing his possessions to the public. A year or so ago it was reported that an original Raphael, of great merit and value, was held for sale in Chicago. At once it was discovered that no work of the character had paid duty at the custom-house, and it became necessary to investigate the charge. 'Hunt the Raphael down!' was the cry; but when the criminal was run to earth, the picture proved to be a copy of no value, and the complaint against the offender was dismissed. As long as he was thought guilty of introducing a genuine Raphael into the country he was in the position of a malefactor, but as soon as it was shown that he had only a worthless daub, or a deliberate forgery, he was acquitted of all blame.—*H. Marquand, in The New Princeton Review*.

A PROLIFIC WRITER ON OVER-READING.—We are partly bamboozled by tradition. From our youth up we are deafened on all sides by advice to 'read and improve our minds.' The inference is that the mind is improved by reading. But that inference is open to the most serious question. For my part, I should be willing to hazard the statement that twice as many minds have been injured by reading than have been benefited by it, and not a small proportion of the former have been made entirely worthless by the practice. It is just like dram-drinking; it is intellectual dram-drinking—and 'intellectual' is scarcely the word to use in that connection. One reason is, no doubt, that the drams in question are, for the most part, of very inferior stuff. But even if it were of the best stuff imaginable, the detrimental effect would re-

main. The finest maderia, if swallowed in sufficiently copious doses, will produce *delirium tremens*; and the most unexceptionable books, if they are also too numerous, will bring on mental dyspepsia. The mind becomes a mere sack to hold other people's ideas, instead of a machine to generate ideas of its own. And the ideas thus acquired are of no use to it. The mind has lost the power to work them up into the flesh and blood of wisdom. They remain a heterogeneous and incongruous mass. Foreign material, whether physical or intellectual, should be taken in with discrimination and moderation, and thoroughly assimilated. Unless you need it and like it, you cannot make it yours; whether you swallow it or not, it really stays outside of you.—*Julian Hawthorne, in America.*

Some Early American Poets

[Prof. C. F. Richardson in *The Dartmouth Literary Monthly.*]

IN THE pre-Revolutionary procession of New England bards, half forgotten and all unread, there are some picturesque figures, standing forth because of personal rather than poetical qualities. Anne Bradstreet, the 'Tenth Muse,' had many clerical companions on the Massachusetts Parnassus, one of whom was the sulphurous Reverend Michael Wigglesworth of 'Day of Doom' notoriety. For the most part, however, they were an indistinguishable group, without salient characteristics or individual merits.

It is not strange, perhaps, that Mrs. Bradstreet herself keeps a little larger place in our minds, because she was the earliest of our professional poets, and the earliest American woman who won any literary renown. Yet more conspicuous in quaint loneliness was that poor negro girl, Phillis Wheatley, whose clever verses, neatly turned according to the prevalent English fashion, pleased the Bostonians during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Born in Africa, Phillis was a precocious household pet, in the last benign days of African slavery in New England. Her little booklet of 'Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral,' was published in London in 1773, and has several times been reprinted,—as poetry, as a curiosity, or as an abolition argument. There seems no reason to doubt the genuineness of the poems, as compositions of the girl herself. The early editions contained attestations signed by eighteen aristocratic Bostonians, to the fact that they 'were written by Phillis, a young Negro girl, who was but a few Years since, brought an uncultivated Barbarian from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is, under the disadvantage of serving as a Slave in a family in this town.' Some of the poems are of decided excellence. Good lines, of the prevalent 'classic' style, are not hard to find. The general merit of the collection easily surpasses that of Mrs. Bradstreet's; and when we make allowance for its artificiality, we may readily admit that it equals the average first volume of poems to-day,—written like these 'for the amusement of the author,' who of course 'had no intention ever to have [*sic*] published them.' The book remains the principal achievement of the colored race in America.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century the storm-centre of American poetry seemed to move southward, hovering for a time over Yale college and Connecticut. Timothy Dwight, grandson of Jonathan Edwards, and president of Yale from 1795 to 1817, published at Hartford, in 1785, 'The Conquest of Canaan, a Poem in Eleven Books.' The author, in his Johnsonian preface, written in the balanced sentences then in vogue, felicitates himself that 'the poem is the first of the kind which has been published in this country,' and not unnaturally, therefore, dedicates it 'To his Excellency, George Washington, Esquire, Commander in chief of the American Armies, The Saviour of his Country, The Supporter of Freedom, And the Benefactor of Mankind.' If the soldier Washington ever read these stories of the wars of 'Canaan,' he found them decorously written in rhymed iambic pentameters, fashioned strictly in accordance with the prevalent English style, and duly equipped with antitheses, 'hovering accents,' and all the requisites of artificial-heroic verse:

Behold these scenes expanding to thy soul !
From orient realms what blackening armies roll !
See their proud Monarch, in yon glimmering car,
Leads his strong host, and points the waste of war,
Till, raised by Heaven, the youth, whose early bloom
Gives a fair promise of his worth to come,
That second Irad, Othniel, lifts his hand,
And sweeps the heathens from his wasted land.

There were 304 pages of verse like this, 'including 9672 lines' wrote a long-dead hand on the last page of the copy before me. Most could raise the flowers in 1785, for all had got the seed. Dr. Dwight's trig little epic, in its strong leather covers, was found in many a meagre book-case in the early days of the republic. If its qualities are those of industry and occasional stiff merit rather than genius, and if it is no longer read, can we say anything better of

the verse of the great Doctor Johnson himself? This poem, and Dr. Dwight's historico-didactic pastoral called 'Greenfield Hill,' showed that Americans were feebly gaining a little in metrical skill, though originality seemed as far off as ever. Dr. Dwight, who was as modest as he was learned, fairly measured the success and the failure of himself and his fellows by the frank motto from Pope, on the title-page of the 'Conquest of Canaan':

Fired, at first sight, with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts.

At this time a tendency toward the selection of American themes began to be apparent in poetry. 'Greenfield Hill,' despite its pretty title and its pleasant suggestion of Sir John Denham, showed no more than moderate ability; but its subject and scenes were at least taken from the author's own Connecticut town. A great poet is both national and universal: we had no great poets, and therefore could not produce poetry of catholic interest or value: hence it was better for our bards to try to be natural and American rather than artificial and European. The patriotic jingles evoked by the Revolution were of course partially spontaneous, though but imperfectly poetic. Trumbull's 'McFingal,' a sort of transformed 'Hudibras,' in which American freedom and new-world progress took the place of Butler's Toryism, was in its way a promoter of the spirit of the Revolution, and was largely bought and read by the colonists who were beginning to get reading matter which they really liked, besides that which they felt that they ought to like. Some colonial follies, as well as Tory bigotries, were wholesomely chastised in the swiftly-moving slipshod verse of 'McFingal.'

Not even the combination of patriotism, duty, and beautiful typography could give popularity to Joel Barlow's plumbian epic, 'The Columbiad,' which failed as disastrously as its predecessor, 'The Vision of Columbus.' Barlow ascribed its failure to the fact that the Federalists controlled literary criticism, while 'The Columbiad' was written by a Democrat; but Federalists did not hesitate to read and praise his widely popular and still read mock-heroic 'Hasty Pudding,' despite some mildly disgusting passages which give more offense to the readers of our fastidious age than they did to our tough-brained great-grandfathers. On the whole, these Yale graduates were giving more help to future American literature by their semi-original excursions to Parnassus than had all the colonial manufacturers of British pentameters, though turned as neatly as some of the lines in such a poem as the weak but smoothly-written 'Philosophic Solitude' (1747), by William Livingston, another Yale man, afterwards governor of New Jersey, continental congressman, and member of the Constitutional convention.

The most conspicuous names in the period under discussion are those of Trumbull, Barlow, and Freneau. Trumbull's 'McFingal' and Barlow's 'Hasty Pudding' have been reprinted in our own time, and may be said to have an occasional reader. Of the early American verse these are the best known examples. Philip Freneau is talked about, but is not read. His name is known, in a vague way, as that of 'the poet of the Revolution,' and those unfamiliar with his voluminous verse are ready to believe that he was a patriot, a wit, and a successful lyricist. He was indeed a patriot, who had no words too bitter for King George the Third and his generals and ministers, but most of all for the American Tories. He liked the New England Puritans little better. Freneau wrote swiftly and carelessly on a multitude of subjects, usually without producing anything very witty, satirical, or lyrical. In his time his patriotic and humorous poems were called brilliant; to us they seem 'very valueless verses,' to borrow the epithet applied confidently by a living critic to the poetical work of a famous American author of later years.

Freneau must have known the difference between his good work and his doggerel rhymes, hurriedly written and instantly printed; but his public neither knew nor cared for the difference, in those troublous times of political struggle, revolution, and nation-making. Freneau, besides his political, satirical, and descriptive poems, also essayed rattling social verse, in which he was surpassed by some of his contemporaries,—for instance, by James McClurg, of Virginia whose 'Belles of Williamsburg' celebrated the beauties of the aristocratic little capital between the York and the James. The average excellence of Freneau's verse is small: but occasionally one finds a line, a stanza, or even a whole poem marked by imagination or by poetic thought. It is a pleasure, after the dull hymns and weak imitations produced in America during the first century and a half of colonial life, to come upon one little lyric, if no more, like Freneau's 'The Wild Honey-Suckle':

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow
Unseen thy little branches greet:

No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar shade,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by:
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers less gay—
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitied frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

This is imperfect and irregular, but it is genuine. Freneau's masterpiece, which seems to me the best poem written in America before 1800, is 'The House of Night, a Vision,' in one hundred and thirty-six four-line stanzas, which appeared in his 1786 collection. Its occasional faults of expression, and versification are manifest, but in thought and execution, notwithstanding the influence of Gray, it is surprisingly original and strong, distinctly anticipating some of the methods of Coleridge, Poe, and the English pre-Raphaelite poets, none of whom, probably, ever read a line of it. To those who enjoy a literary 'find,' and like to read and praise a bit of bizarre genius unknown to the multitude, I confidently commend 'The House of Night.' In it Death lies dying at midnight in his weird and sombre palace; doctors surround him; and a young man whose love Death has killed, forgivingly ministers to him. Then Death, having composed his own epitaph, most woefully perishes; there follows his grim burial in a grave doubly defended against the Devil, so late his trusty friend. The poem ends by pointing us toward a righteous earthly life and an unending immortality. It is not great, and not always smooth, but its lofty plot is strongly worded in sometimes stately verse. I know not why Freneau, in the 1795 collection of his poems, threw away all but twenty-one stanzas, which he printed under the title of 'The Vision of the Night, a Fragment.' Surely none of his American predecessors or contemporaries had thought or sung, as did Freneau in this alliterative and assonant poem, of

'The black ship travelling through the noisy gale,'
'A mournful garden of autumnal hue,'
'The primrose there, the violet darkly blue,'
'The poplar tall, the lotos, and the lime,'
'The scarlet-mantled morn,'
'A grave replete with ghosts and dreams,'
'The ecstasy of woe run mad.'

None but a poet could have written lines like these:

'Trim the dull tapers, for I see no dawn;
'so loud and sad it play'd
As though all music were to breathe its last.'

Notes

GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS have brought out Alphonse Daudet's 'Thirty Years of Paris' (*Trente Ans de Paris*), identical in design with the Paris illustrated edition and uniform with the other volumes already published by them in English. The delicate work of the incomparable coterie, who drew the inter-textual sketches for the French edition, is faithfully reproduced and the translation by Laura Ensor is admirably done. The rendition of *Le Petit Chose* into 'Little What's his Name,' although felicitous, is rather free, and some other charges of the like venial nature might be made. But on the whole, one can only say of the edition, that it is admirable in every way. THE CRITIC has already printed an article on the French edition of the book, which may be found in the number for May 5.

—A portrait of William Black, with a personal sketch of the novelist in his Brighton home, will appear in the August *Book Buyer*.

—In the *Century* for August will be printed a biographical sketch of Mr. Kennan, the author of the papers on Siberia. The writer of the sketch is Miss Anna L. Dawes, a daughter of Senator Dawes. The magazine will be issued on the first day of the month as usual, in spite of the fire.

—Sir Edwin Arnold has made a selection of his national and non-Oriental poems, which, with the addition of some new verse, has been recently published by Trübner & Co.

—*Current Literature* is the title of a new monthly periodical published in New York and made up of selections from newspapers, magazines and all possible sources. F. M. Somers, late of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, is the editor and we believe that Charles E. Locke, late of the National Opera Co., is the business manager. *Current Literature* is handsomely printed and may be found to 'meet a long felt want.'

—Lady Burton's purged edition of Sir Richard's translation of 'The Arabian Nights' is now completed. In its abbreviated form it is said to contain 3215 pages.

—A copy of Keats's 'Poems' (1817), with a manuscript sonnet by Leigh Hunt, brought \$80 at a sale in London recently, and a copy of 'Josephus,' printed in 1528 and bearing the autograph of Francis Xavier, brought \$96; a copy of the first collective edition of Milton's poems brought \$200 at the same sale.

—'The Enthusiasts,' a study of revolutionary character and adventure, is the title of Stepniak's forthcoming novel.

—On the same day, in which we hear from across the water that M. Zola has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, the report comes from the west, that the sellers of his works in Tennessee have been arrested by the wholesale and are under trial, as purveyors of indecent literature.

—Mr. G. A. Sala has written for the *Universal Review* a paper on 'The Reward of Journalism.'

—Messrs. Longmans & Green are about to bring out a novel called 'Son of a Star,' by Dr. B. W. Richardson, a romance of Great Britain and Judea in the days of Hadrian, dealing with the story of a futile rising against the Roman rule and based, it is said, upon the most careful historical researches.

—Lombard, Druid & Co., of Baltimore, have in press a new novel entitled 'Almost,' by John P. Shriver of the *Baltimore American*.

—Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton writes from London that

Hall Caine, the author of 'The Shadow of a Crime,' 'The Deemster,' which has been dramatized for Wilson Barrett, and several other noteworthy books, is a rather remarkable looking person. He is slight and graceful. He has dark red hair and beard, and eyes which one would properly call brown, but which have in them such a glow of tawny red that they seem to have been designed as a match for his hair. He has a gentle and attractive manner, and a grave sincerity of speech that wins one's faith. He is a good talker and a good listener, also.

Of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the same correspondent writes:

She is a wonderfully charming person, slight, and most graceful in figure and movement, and with such a suggestion in her brilliant face of her uncle, Mr. Matthew Arnold, that I could easily have believed her his daughter.

Her conversation is most suggestive and interesting, as one might well expect from the author of 'Robert Elsmere' and the able translator of Amiel's 'Journal Intime.' She lives in Russell square, not far from the British Museum, in a house full of books and flowers and pictures, and she has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievement must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and of aim.

—The August volume of the *Canterbury Poets* will be 'Elfin Music,' an anthology of the fairy poetry in the English language, from Chaucer downwards, edited by Mr. Arthur E. Waite.

—Howard Pyle's story of 'Within the Capes' is about to be published in paper form by the Scribners.

—At the next session of the French Academy, a French poem by 'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania, is to be honored by the award of a special medal. The title of the poem is 'Chant de la Forêt.' In the *Woman's World* for the present month, the first place is given to a short story of the time of Trajan, called 'Decebal's Daughter,' from the same gifted Queen.

—'Eden' is the title of Mr. Edgar Saltus's latest volume.

—The Incorporated Society of Authors are to invite Mr. J. R. Lowell, and as many other American authors as may be then in England, to a dinner on July 25, in recognition of their persevering efforts on behalf of international copyright.

—The second volume of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's 'History of American Literature' is promised for the autumn.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s summer and fall announcements include a translation of Halévy's 'Abbé Constantin,' a book immensely popular in France, with all the illustrations of the *édition de luxe* of last year. The edition with English text, wholly manufactured in Paris, is limited to 750 copies, of which America gets 500. The book will have a silk wrapper. In fiction there will be Mr. Roe's 'Miss Lou,' 'A Gallant Fight,' by Marion Harland; 'Remember the Alamo,' by Amelia E. Barr; 'John Winter,' by Edward Garrett; and three volumes to complete the series of Besant and Rice. In history there is a three-volume work on

'Henry III., King of France and Poland,' by Martha Walker Freer, from numerous unpublished sources; 'Mosby's War Reminiscences,' by John S. Mosby, late Colonel C.S.A., with ten double-page illustrations by W. C. Jackson; and 'Blue Jackets of 1776,' for young people, by Willis J. Abbot, with 32 full-page illustrations by W. C. Jackson.

—The firm's art announcements are made elsewhere. Its miscellaneous publications will include 'American Weather,' by Gen. A. W. Greely, a popular exposition of the phenomena of the weather, illustrated with engravings and twenty-four charts; 'Walton & Cotton's Angler,' a new issue of Bethune's edition, with all the original plates; 'A Frozen Dragon, and Other Tales,' a story-book of natural history for boys and girls, by Chas. F. Holder, author of 'The Ivory King,' etc., illustrated by J. C. and D. C. Beard, J. M. Nugent and others; 'The Chantry Priest of Barnet,' a new book in the series of Prof. Alfred J. Church's stories; 'Christmas with Grandma Elsie,' by Martha Finley, in the Elsie Series; 'Marooner's Island,' by W. R. Goulding, with double-page illustrations by W. C. Jackson, uniform with the new edition of 'The Young Marooners'; and 'Woodruff Stories,' a new edition of the same author's 'Sapelo,' 'Narcooche' and 'Saloquah,' in similar style.

—One of the results of Mr. Blaine's coaching trip through Scotland, his friends say, will be a book in the form of letters.

—The Baltimore Publishing Co. are issuing an edition of Father Ryan's poems from new plates. Besides a memoir of the poet-priest, it will contain many verses not before published.

—Mr. Walter Besant is troubled with writer's cramp and has to dictate nearly all his letters and MSS.

—Prince Krapotkin has written on the Caspian Sea, Andrew Lang on Burns, George Saintsbury on Byron, and the Rev. John Brown of Bedford on Bunyan for the second volume of the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia.'

—A new serial story by W. E. Norris, called 'The Rogue,' is begun in *Temple Bar*.

—W. R. Jenkins has imported a large edition of Alphonse Daudet's new story, 'L'Immortel.' The book was only issued in Paris last Saturday, and on Monday Mr. Jenkins delivered copies in this city.

—M. Renan believes in devoting the early years of life to thought and study, and not to writing. 'My opinion,' he says, 'is that France will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of forty years.'

—Duffield Osborne's romance, 'The Spell of Ashtarothe,' has been brought out in London, and is said to be the best selling of recent American novels.

—'Wild Beasts, Birds, and Reptiles of the World and How They are Captured' is the title of a work which may be looked for before long from the pen of Mr. P. T. Barnum. R. S. Peale of Chicago will issue it by subscription.

—The name of James Russell Lowell is to be added to those already published as having joined the Pope Commemoration Committee.

—Mr. Fergus Hume, the author of 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab' has completed a new tale called 'Madame Midas' and in collaboration with Philip Beck, has also dramatized the story.

—Prof. N. S. Shaler will contribute to the August number of *Scribner's* an article called 'Rivers and Valleys,' which will be profusely illustrated.

—Herbert Spencer says it took him from the middle of March until the first of June to write the article on 'The Ethics of Kant,' which he has contributed to the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

—'Harvard Vespers' is the title of a volume of short lectures to students at Harvard by Dr. A. P. Peabody, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, and others, which Roberts Brothers will bring out.

—Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, author of 'Isis Unveiled,' is engaged upon a work entitled 'The Secret Doctrine: the Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philology.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will issue to-day (Saturday) 'Political Essays,' by James Russell Lowell, containing 'The American Tract Society; The Election in November; E Pluribus Unum; The Pickens-and-Stealin's Rebellion; General McClellan's Report; The Rebellion: its Causes and Consequences; Reconstruction; McClellan on Lincoln; Scotch the Snake, or Kill it? The President on the Stump; The Seward-Johnson Reaction; and The Place of the Independent in Politics. Also, 'A Treatise on Liens, Common

Law, Statutory, Equitable, and Maritime,' by Leonard A. Jones; in the English Dramatists Series, 'The Works of George Peele,' edited, with notes, by A. H. Bullen; and a cheap edition of 'The Lamplighter,' by Maria S. Cummins.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1364.—Can any reader tell me who Ellen Borroughs is, whose name I have seen signed to very pleasing poems?

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. B. C.

No. 1365.—In describing the group around the hearth in 'Snow-bound,' whom does Whittier refer to in the passage beginning 'Another guest that winter night' and ending with 'That He remembereth we are dust'?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

L. A. B.

No. 1366.—Has Browning written a life of his wife?

[No; but he has published a selection from her poems, with a preface. In the reminiscences he is said to be at work upon, there will naturally be a great deal about the author of 'Aurora Leigh.']

No. 1367.—Did Dr. Holmes write the following? and of whom was it written?

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tingling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingled accents harsh and sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots at Babel.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

T. M. H.

[Dr. Holmes wrote the poem of which these lines form a stanza, to be read at the dinner in honor of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's seventieth birthday, in 1882.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1328.—The following is taken from *The Spectator*:

In England, the German epic first became known, partially at least, through extracts in prose, interspersed with metrical translations, which appeared in 1814, in the 'Illustrations of Northern Antiquities.' These metrical renderings were attributed by Lockhart to Walter Scott, who, we need not add, would have been better qualified than any other English poet, perhaps, to produce a translation which might worthily have been placed by the side of the original. This first attempt at acclimatising the Nibelungenlied in this country seems to have passed unnoticed, and it was reserved to Carlyle to call special attention to it. In 1851 there appeared in *The Westminster Review* his well-known essay, 'The Nibelungenlied,' for which Simrock's modern High-German translation was used as a mere peg on which to hang a general survey of the epic, as far as its literature was known in those days, together with some metrical renderings. In 1846, Mr. J. Gostick gave some extracts from the poem in his 'Spirit of German Poetry'; and two years later, Mr. J. Birch published at Berlin a translation of the 'Nibelungenlied' which purported to be complete, but only reproduced the poem in its curtailed form as edited by Lachmann, who merely recognised twenty songs as genuine. Mr. Birch was not successful with his versification, and his translation was superseded, in 1850, by that of Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who followed the edition of Braunsfels, containing the original middle High-German text and a modern High German version. Lettsom seems to have possessed a thorough knowledge of the modern High-German, and he was in so far able to handle English verse that he could assimilate the English metre to the German one, at least as regards the caesura at the end of each half-line; but he was not a poet, and he failed to produce a version truthfully reflecting the spirit of the original.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Ashfield, F., etc. The Voice from the Cross.....	Scribner & Welford.
Chamberlain, N. H. Autobiography of a New England Farm-House. 50c.	
Boston: Cupples & Hurd.	
Clarke, W. H. Civil Service Law.....	L. K. Strouse & Co.
Compton, A. G. First Lessons in Wood Working.....	Iverson, Blakeman & Co.
Crawford, F. M. With the Immortals. \$3.....	Macmillan & Co.
Curtis, W. E. The Land of the Nihilist. Russia.....	Belford, Clarke & Co.
Erskine, P. Iona: A Lay of Ancient Greece. \$1.75.....	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Flagg, W. J. Woman the Stronger.....	Belford, Clarke & Co.
Froude, J. A. Negrophobia.....	Demerara: 'Argosy' Press.
Hullah, M. E. In Hot Haste. \$1.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Rosen, H. P. Caesar's Army. \$1.10.....	Ginn & Bros.
Loomis, G. B. Progressive Music Lessons. No. 5.....	Iverson, Blakeman & Co.
Myer, I. On Dreams by Saint Synesios.	
Parker, W. J. The Human Soul: A Lecture.	
Pendleton, Louis. Bewitched.....	Cassell & Co.
Platt, Donn. The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah.....	Belford, Clarke & Co.
Reeve, C. The Old English Baron. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Rives, Amélie. Virginia of Virginia.....	Harper & Bros.
Rolfe, W. J. Tales from English History.....	Macmillan & Co.
Social Life and Literature Fifty Years Ago. \$1.....	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Southworth, E. D. E. N. The Family Doom.....	Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Spring, L. W. Mark Hopkins, Teacher.....	Industrial Education Association.
Stedman, E. C., and Hutchinson, E. M. Library of American Literature. Vol. IV.	
	\$3. Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Trumbull, G. Names and Portraits of Birds. \$2.50.....	Harper & Bros.
Wagner & List, Correspondence of. 3 vols.....	Scribner & Welford.